RISING UP ANGRY

JULY, 1969 VOL. I, No. 1

TO LOVE WE MUST FIGHT

P. 10 Gang Intelligence beef-up

P. 12 The Drags – drivers vs. strip-owners

P. 3 talking with the Black Panthers

It's been a long time coming, but here it comes—RISING UP ANGRY. It's our people; RISING UP ANGRY is about our people, by our people, for our people. It comes out of Chicago—hard, low-down-dirty, straight-on Chicago. Right on! Our people! Dig it!

Our people are young people. It ain't that older people aren't people; it's just that too many of 'em have been made to be tired. They've bought in, like they're caught up in paying on houses, cars, and TVs. They've also bought in with their minds. Too bad. They're gonna have to change and be with us, or move on over. MOVE ON OVER! If we keep pushing, keep teaching, a whole lot of 'em are gonna come along with us. They're gonna have to decide to stay locked up in the fortress of private jails that they helped to build, or recognize that a lot of it is bullshit and that they're gonna join us in the jailbreak.

Our people have a lot of energy, and we're moving fast about changing things—making them better, more human, more real. Our people have to decide too! Many of us are still sitting on the fence, tempted by the gold-tinted glitter that will make us mortgage off our lives. Where are we? Where are our people? We're everywhere. We're guys and girls; greasers and hippies; white, black, Latin, and Indian. We're on the streets, in the parks, on the corners, in pool halls, in bowling alleys, and at rock concerts. We're in the schools and in the army. We're working jobs, like in restaurants, factories, gas stations, stores, and offices.

Yeah, and our people are in the jails, prisons, and courtrooms seeing probation and parole officers. We're in drive-in restaurants and at hot-dog stands. We're sitting in kitchens, talking with brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, cousins and all that. We go back and forth between towns and cities, between different states. We're in Uptown, Lakeview, Lincoln Park, Logan Square, Humboldt Park, Rogers Park, Bridgeport, Austin, Brainerd, Mount Greenwood, and Oak Park. We're on the North Side, South Side, and West Side. We're walking and riding on bikes and in cars, busses, and trucks. Some of us are running and driving fast. We're everywhere, and we're a lot alike, so we move around seeing and talking, doing a lot of listening, sometimes fighting, but growing close, because we're becoming one. Dig it! ONE!

We've been angry and tough for a long time. We're hungry, hungry for life. We drive fast, crazy, run, argue, push, shove. We're fighters. Yeah, we strike out, and we hit. Too often we're not sure what moves us, what drives us, and we're not sure where we're going. Sometimes we hit at the wrong things, 'cause we've been confused, made to be confused. Dig that.

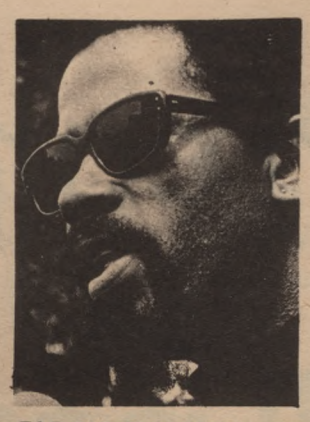
But that's changing. We've had no place to take our anger, our energy, our love—all those human things. For a lot of us it gets cut off, and our life changes, and we're made to grow old. Not old too fast, just plain old; and we don't want that 'cause we're about being youngbloods in heart and mind forever. We're gonna learn where to take it, 'cause we're gonna build an organization, a giant tribe, a people's liberation army. Our energy is gonna begin to have a direction. Who are our people, who are our friends, and who are our enemies. We're gonna learn who to love, and who to hate, because they make us hate, make it hard to love. We're changing. No more who am I, what am I, what am I gonna do, what am I gonna be, and what's gonna happen to me. That's gonna change, 'cause we're moving on up, saying who are we, who are our people, what are we gonna do, how are we gonna do it, what are we gonna build.

Like the songs say: "There's a new sun RISING UP ANGRY in the sky." But "There's something happening here/what it is ain't exactly clear." Well we're gonna find out. We're RISING UP ANGRY, and we're not "underground". We're straight on, we're about hard, low-down-dirty, straight-on Chicago; and what we're gonna have to do to take it back and make it ours! SPREAD THE WORD, EVERYWHERE. GET IT ON, DO IT, 'cause people got to be free. So we're gonna be free, and when we see who tries to stop us, then we're gonna fight. All Power to the People!

The Black Panthers

CHAIRMAN
FRED HAMPTON

BOBBY HUTTON



ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Fred Hampton is the Chairman of the Illinois Black Panther Party. He's a 20 year old big bad motherfucker. He just got convicted in Judge Jones' court for the 'great ice cream truck robbery.' A whole lot of people in Maywood were angry last summer. They passed out $71 worth of ice cream to kids. Fred got picked out, charged, and sentenced to 2-5. Jones doesn't like Hampton or the Panthers, so he refused to allow Fred an appeal bond and shipped him off to Vandalia. (Meanwhile, convicted Killer cop Nuccio lurks in Chicago, out on bond.)

The Neanderthals fear the Panthers, because the Panthers are about a people thing, a thing that will bring justice to all working people, a thing that will take back what the rich have taken from us. They also fear the Panthers because the Panthers don't hate whites. They say 'we hate the oppressor, whether he's white or black.' The Panthers are for all the people who don't like the shit that's coming down. They say 'Black power to Black people, Brown power to Brown people, Red power to red people, Yellow power to Yellow people, White power to White people, and X power to all those people we left out.' That scares the Man, so he's trying to lock up all those people who are out front speaking with their actions.

Here in Chicago the Black Panther Party has started a Breakfast for School Children Program. They feed 5 to 6 hundred kids every morning before school. (and now Daley is talking about the city starting a breakfast program. Tells us something, doesn't it!) The Panthers are also setting up free medical clinics and drugstores. They understand that if you're hungry you ain't gonna learn much. So they started the free breakfasts across the country, getting the businessmen who take from the people to kick something in. By setting up programs like these, the Panthers have won the respect of the people in their communities.

So what does the man do? The Man, using their police army, is trying to smash the Panthers. Three weeks ago the Panther office on West Madison was raided on the phony charge that the Panthers were harboring a fugitive from justice. It's clear that what's happening is an attempt nationally to smash the Panthers. 21 leaders were busted in N.Y. Then the cops busted 8 Panther leaders in New Haven, Conn., on a charge of murder. The murdered person was one of the N.Y. Panther's best organizers. The cops say he was going to testify against the 21. Then the Chicago office was busted on the pretext that one of the people wanted in New Haven was hiding there.

In the process of the bust, the Federal Pigs (FBI) just happened to destroy the office, tearing posters off the walls, seizing legal guns, dumping food for the breakfast program all over the floor, stealing $3000 that had been raised for the breakfast program, and all the petitions that thousands of people had signed demanding an appeal bond for Hampton. Eight Chicago Panthers were busted. The so-called fugitive from justice was never found (does he even exist), but people were charged with it anyway.

Several days later, 16 Panthers were indicted on a kidnapping charge. Again, the pigs say it was someone who was going to 'testify against the Panthers.' (See the article on page 9 , 'When the GIU comes messing in our affairs,' for how the pigs set people up.)

The Man is uptight about the Panthers because they have guns, and will fight to defend the people. This is necessary, because the pigs vamp on people and harass them. They aren't there to protect the people, but to protect property. Most ordinary people, Black, White or Latin, don't have any property. Maybe a car, T.V., or a small house, but no big stores, buildings or factories. The pigs protect these things that bend our people out of shape.

The Panthers began in Oakland, California, in 1966 around this program of self-defense, protecting themselves against the pigs. So Huey Newton, Bobby Seale and Bobby Hutton started a police patrol. They followed the pigs around. Everytime somebody was stopped by pigs the Panthers would pull up, inform people of their rights, make sure the people didn't get pushed around or beaten. They would then bail the brother or sister out of the pig pen (jail). The cops didn't like all this, but the Panthers backed up their stance with guns. At that time in California it was legal to carry guns, a right that has been since wiped out because the people were doing what the constitution said they could.do. The Panthers position was that black people had a right to self-defense, a right to protect themselves and their community.

The Oakland pigs were out to get Huey, the founder of the Panthers. They ambushed him one night, and one of them came up dead and another wounded. Huey lay chained to a hospital bed under armed guard (he had been wounded in the stomach) for seven months. Everyone thought he would get the chair, but the Panthers and the

HUEY P. NEWTON

Peace and Freedom Party (a largely white organization that ran Panther Eldridge Cleaver for President and Chicagoan Peggy Terry, a white southern woman, for V.P.) mounted public support for Huey and the Panthers. In one of the most important and most publicized trials in American history, Huey was convicted of voluntary manslaughter, not murder. That was sort of a victory, cause even though observers felt the trial went with Huey, it was obvious that the pig power structure needed a guilty verdict. The manslaughter conviction, instead of murder, was a compromise. Huey's in a state pen, in isolation because he won't go along with the work program (he gets 45 minutes out a day, isn't allowed to talk to anyone, or to read or write). His lawyer is attempting to get the trial declared a mistrial to wipe out the 1-15 year conviction.

While Huey was on trial the Panthers planned a big barbecue to raise funds for his trial. The Oakland pig power structure didn't want that. Three days before the barbecue the Panther leadership was ambushed by carloads of pigs. Bobby Hutton, aged 18, and Eldridge Cleaver took cover in a house. After hours of the house being machinegunned and gassed, they came out with their hands up. Cleaver was wounded in the leg. The pigs told 'Lil Bobby to run to the pig car. Gasping for breath he stumbled toward the car, and was shot down, murdered, in cold blood. The pigs told Eldridge 'there isn't going to be any barbecue, you're going to be the barbecue.'

People said of 'Lil Bobby's killing: 'By lifting their hands against 'Lil Bobby, they lifted their hands against the best that humanity possesses.' Cleaver said: 'The night they murdered 'Lil Bobby they killed Eldridge Cleaver, but so long as the ghost of Eldridge Cleaver walks this land, the pigs of the power structure will have an enemy.' (Northside section leader of the Chicago Panthers, Bob Lee, told us ' 'Lil Bobby gave his life for the people and from that time on the Panthers moved up, we moved up!') The BPP started in Oakland 3 years ago. It is now in 75 cities across the country. They've traveled around the world, and have talked to delegates from many countries at the U.N.

Hampton told us that the Panthers have moved beyond the concept of self defense. 'We're still about that, but that alone can be reactionary. It can be like a street gang just defending its territory, instead of all the gangs --Black and White and Latin--getting together and defending the people from the avaricious greedy businessman, the mickey mouse politicians and the pigs.' The Party has moved to a higher level. They understand it's not just the pigs that are the enemy, cause the pigs work for someone and it's not the people. It's a corrupt political and economic system, it's capitalism. The Panthers are about educating the masses, the people, about the people's ideology, and that can't be capitalism because capitalism turns people against each other, makes them inhuman, ruthless and greedy. It makes people step on others who should be their brothers and sisters.

In Chicago there is now a coalition between the Panthers, the Young Lords Organization (a Puerto Rican group) and the Young Patriots (whites from Uptown and Lincoln Park.) The Panthers see the fight against the oppressor involving all people. Most whites in America are not free. They are just a little slower to realize it, cause they've been told that when other people are kept down (like the Vietnamese and the Blacks) they're better off. Whites are beginning to understand that isn't true. Most people know they're oppressed, but they think they can't say it, talk about it, or do something about it. That's why the Panthers are important--they show the people through action that the pig, the 'Man', is not invincible.

The Panthers do a lot. They say a lot. They have used words, much more than guns, to put the Neanderthal pig power structure up tight. The power structure can't stand the truth, and it puts them uptight, drives them crazy for fear more people will get hip to the truth. This past fall, Cleaver drove California governor Reagan nuts, just by saying 'Mickey Mouse, I challenge you to a duel, to the death, and you can choose the weapons. And if you can't relate to that, right on. Walk, chicken, with your ass picked clean.' Reagan's trying to get Cleaver back in jail. They can't find him. Hampton is good with words too. 'We serve the people. We help old ladies out of taxies. We fight the pigs. We're about a people thing. Revolutionaries aren't frantic. They're calm. They're the best lovers, because they believe in the people and love the people.'

The Panthers are out of sight. We've got a lot to learn from them. Right on!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

gun control: tell it to the indians

One of the most guarded freedoms the American Revolutionaries of 1776 had was the right to bear arms. The present rulers of this country of ours don't seem to have the same trust or love of the people that the Revolutionaries had. But if a government serves the people, it can trust them. It can let the population be armed. The latest gun control laws are serious attempts to disarm the people of the United States. These new laws supposedly keep guns out of the hands of crooks. Any fool knows that organized crime has enough connections with the politicians so the big time crooks will never have to worry about guns. Besides, the Congress of the U.S. has stated that even with the new laws, the amount of crimes will not go down. So why -- if the right to keep and bear arms is one of our most basic rights -- does the government want to take it away?

The federal gun law requires all gun dealers to have a federal firearms license. Every gun they sell must be registered. (All these hassles and restrictions have cut down the number of gun dealers and the biggest chain stores such as Sears, Wards and chain hardware stores have quit selling their own brand of hand guns.) Once a gun is registered, this information goes on an IBM card and gets put into a computer memory bank for further reference by the FBI, the CIA or any other 'law enforcement' group like the Chicago police. All ammunition sold has to be registered federally. The amount, the type or caliber, the date sold, and the name of the purchaser are also recorded. This too goes into the computer bank.

State gun laws vary from state to state. The states with the largest populations have the tightest gun laws. In Illinois, the 3rd most populated state, everyone who owns or uses a gun must have an Illinois gun owners card. Without this card it is illegal to own a gun, buy ammunition or even shoot at a range. Even with it - you still need a special permit to carry the gun with you - and only [illegible] and other cops get them. The federal and state laws also cover any supplies necessary for hand loading your own shells. They have restricted the right to bear and keep guns so that only those people they want have that right, and they control how much of the right ordinary people can exercise.

The gun laws have other uses. They give the big gun dealers and manufacturers a monopoly in the firearms market and they give the government more information on people. Now anyone with a gun in the United States is on one or more computer cards. It is easier to disarm the people whenever they decide.

Who benefits the most from these laws? Not the people. The police now know who has the guns and how much ammunition they are buying. There is a bill in the state legislature to shift the administration of the gun owners cards from the Department of Public Safety to the Department of Law enforcement. The 'right' to keep and bear arms don't mean shit as long as the pigs know who you are, what kind, and how many guns you have.

If the government was for the people it would not be so worried about taking the guns away from people. Supposedly, Americans have always been free because of the guarantees of the Bill of Rights. If we're going to be free, people have to defend these rights. The only way to defend them is to practice them. If the government does not help people keep these rights then that government is not serving the American people. It is not the people who are taking the rights away, but the pigs and the government.

'The protection the government owes you and fails to provide, you are morally bound to provide for yourselves...when the law fails and becomes the bulwark of crime and oppression, then an appeal to force is not only morally justified, but becomes a patriotic duty.'

Eugene Debs, 1914.

Stone Grease Grapevine

The Young Patriots, Uptown

Ever since the pigs found out that we in the Young Patriots of Uptown are a part of the rainbow coalition with the Black Panthers and the Young Lords, they been worried as hell. When we wear our gold Young Patriot berets we're continually harassed by the cops in the neighborhood. The cops have threatened people in our neighborhood that if they join us they'll get the shit beat out of them. Plain clothes pigs are always watching our office on Wilson Ave., trying to discourage new guys from coming aroudd and talking with us.

One day one of us was pulled into the 20th district Foster Ave. station (it used to be called Summerdale, but pigs were caught with stolen goods in the basement) because he was talking to kids on a corner. Five Patriots made it to the station fast and demanded his release. They let him go and didn't have a chance to work him over as they have done to some of our people in the past.

We stick together to protect ourselves, and we stand beside all other political organizations and gangs who stand for the people and are against attacks by the police.

Clark & Devon

At about 12:30 a.m. on a monday morning of May, cops raided a brother's house and busted ten guys. They were *drinking, talking, and one was even sleeping.* The pigs took an open half filled bottle of whiskey and used it for evidence. The other five cases stayed in the trunk when they got to the station. One of our supposedly friends (we should say the pig's friend) tricked on everybody. But all but two guys were let out on lack of evidence. The other two, one was AWOL from the Marines, the other was AWOL from St. Charles 'home' for boys. We now have a lawyer and are protecting ourselves. And we're talking to other groups and drinking in safer places.

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We just received some bad news. Jeff Sharlett, the former GI who founded the paper for cats in the Army who didn't like what was coming down, has died. He died of cancer of the liver at the age of 27. The paper he started, VIETNAM GI, was an inspiration to servicemen everywhere who know the army is bullshit. Young men and women everywhere will be continuing the fight for justice.

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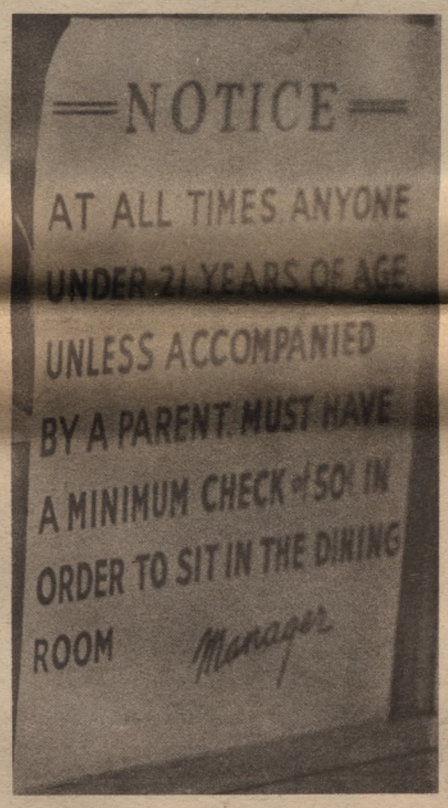
87th & Wood

The Burger King at 87th and Wood depends on young people for business. This is funny, because they obviously don't like young people. A couple weeks ago we played ball in the park, and then went to the Burger King. There is a sign that says students and minors are allowed 15 minutes to eat and get out. Another sign says anyone under 21, unless accompanied by a parent, must buy at least 50 cents worth of food to sit in the place. This is of course bullshit, and of course doesn't apply to people over 21.

Even before the stupid 15 minute limit was up, some kid who was working there said to us 'you have to get out or I'll call the cops.' As we were leaving the pigs arrived, billyclubs drawn, telling everybody in the parking lot to split or else. Some of the people they told to leave had just driven in. We went back later and talked to the kid who called the cops. He hasn't pulled that shit again.



Simon City

One more brother has been killed in Viet Nam, fighting the wrong war, the wrong people. Andy Biedron, one of the original members and chairman of the Simon City gang on the west side, was killed in action. We mourn our brother's death, and place responsibility for it, and many others, on the politicians and businessmen who have no regard for our peoples' lives.

Corp

Members of the Mohawks, Hudsons, and North Parks have been talking together, setting up a new organization called CORP, which will work to stop meaningless gang bopping, and start to protect themselves and serve the people of their community. There recently was some hassle with some kids who called themselves Latin Kings. We're working it out, so everybody can walk anywhere and feel at home. We've also been talking to some of the Young Lords, visiting them at the church on Armitage and Dayton where they are fixing it up for a day care center for little kids. We've talked to the brothers from C&D, and paid a friendly visit to the Hippies in Lincoln Park at one of the free music jams at the Sunday 'be-ins'. All Power to CORP.

photo Linn Ehrlich

Press Conference held by Black Panthers, Young Patriots, Young Lords, Black Disciples and Rising Up Angry.

The Young Patriots, Lincoln Park

Dig it, man...the insurance man for Steiner's Furniture Company, 2040 N. Lincoln Avenue, came into our office at 2512 N. Lincoln. Everybody knows Steiner frauds poor people by having them sign blank contracts, selling repossessed furniture for what people thought was new, telling them many different prices, misrepresenting how furniture was to be financed, charging people too much, refusing to give duplicates of contracts to customers, and refusing to give customers a statement releasing them from payment onee the furniture is repossed.

The insurance man wanted to know what to do... Steiner's windows had been broken a couple of times, and he wondered if he should renew Steiner's insurance because he appeared to be a high risk to the insurance company. We told him that was up to him. He asked us if we could do anything about Steiner. We told him that the only person who could do anything about Steiner was Steiner himself. We told him that Steiner had to stop messing over the community with his business practices, or the community was going to continue to mess with him.

The insurance man wondered what Steiner had to do to get back in the good graces of the community...We told him....

1. Steiner had to make a public statement to the community about how he would serve rather than exploit the community.
2. Steiner then had to allow people in the community to set up a system to enforce his new fair business practices.

The insurance man said, 'OK, I won't renew Steiners insurance unless he agrees to do these things.

The man left.

About half an hour later Steiner called the office - 'You know I've been having trouble. Last night my windows were broken. What do you want me to do?',he said. We responded, 'We want you to stop messing over the community and stop frauding the people. We also want you to sign a statement of fair business practices for the community. If you don't like this, we can't assure you that your place will be safe. People are mad.' Steiner replied, 'I'll do anything you want.' 'OK,' we said, 'in a couple of days a negotiating committee will be down to present you with a statement of fair business practices. We will also talk to you about how it must be enforced.'

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
Young Patriots Organization

Jensen Park

One of the brothers over at Jensen Park got busted on disorderly a month ago. A girl who called the pigs pigs also got busted. A bunch of people went to the station and they busted 13 more people for disorderly.

Another time copper Fat Tony followed kids who were in the park, busting a guy for speeding, and a girl for curfew. All this right outside her house. Still another time, one of the brothers was sitting in the park, after a ball game, holding a bat and ball. They tried to bust him on that, telling him to 'stay out of the park, we're after you and your girl.'

And last,we know there is a trick in the park. A trick is worse than a pig!

photo by al koss

The Latest From Jensen Park

On June 5, at 9:05 pm the pigs surrounded us in the park, made the guys line up against the fence, and escorted the chicks out with shotguns. Other pigs were lined up parallel to the guys holding shotguns on them. The scene reminded you of a firing squad. Eventually the paddy wagons appeared and our guys were hauled away. By the end of the night all but one cat was cut loose. He was booked on burglary (for holding a brothers' ID's) and his bond was $1,000.

EXAMPLE OF CHANGES IN THE GANGS

From a leaflet put out by the Latin Eagles

This is to inform the community that the LATIN EAGLES ORGANIZATION is here to serve and protect the people.

This is to inform all the gangs in our community that we are through gang-bopping, not because we are scared of you, but because you are our brothers and we invite you to join with us to make our community a better place.

This is to inform the hungry that we are going to help feed you, the badly housed we will back you up against the slum landlords.

This is to inform the police that we are willing to protect ourselves and our community against those of you who have been harrassing us, you serve the rich, the people who oppress us. We serve our people and we will protect them.

We the LATIN EAGLES ORGANIZATION love our community and want to make it better. We have a temporary office at 3352 N. Halsted. Our phone is 348-6770. If you have a problem, or just want to know more about us, see us.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Lane Tech

Lane is a big school, all guys. The Man is afraid that if the students get organized, he'll have a lot of trouble, both at Lane and in the neighborhoods where the brothers come from. Right on! He's scared. That's why they run it like a concentration camp, with Hitler like ad ministrators that go by the name of Dr. Donald Duck Rackey (principal) and lacky Jack Lowman, (assistant principal).

Things have started to move at Lane. A newspaper was started called Tally-Ho. It got smashed. Then another one was started called Intercourse. An organization known as Lane Students for Democracy (LSD) was also started. It is not connected to Intercourse although Intercourse, being a free student newspaper, reports LSD's actions and demands.

Just before school ended two of the editors of Intercourse were booted out of school by the gestapo-creep-administrators. Glen Pekin (white) and Phillip McCann (black) were kicked out of school. McCann, who played defensive tackle on the football team, got 11 days. He was forced to sign a confession in Lowmans' office, with a uniformed pig present, that he was an editor.

A petition has been circulated among parents and students of Lane making it clear that they don't support the administration of Lane and the Board of Education with respect to the present policies concerning educational philosophy, educational program, student behavior, dress codes, discipline and controls.

At Lane, like at too many other Chicago High Schools, there is tension between black and white. This is bullshit, for it keeps all the people from moving up, fighting the real issues that keep them both down: - bad courses, bad teachers, rotten Administrators and a board of education that serves the rich. These contradictions between the people (black and white), play right into the administrators hands, preventing all the people from taking care of business against the enemy (the administrators). We hope that groups of whites, blacks and latins get hip to each other, talk during the summer, so that next year the heroic students at Lane don't get sidetracked in their important task of taking care of business.

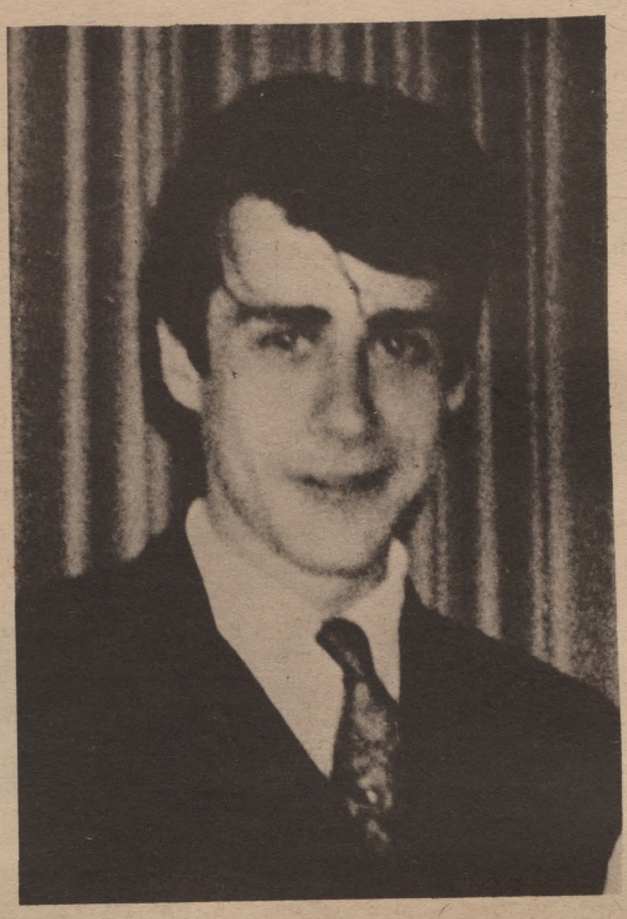
Lake View

It's been over a year since 19th District Patrolman Richard Nuccio killed 17 year old Ronnie Nelson at Franksville (a hot dog stand) across from Wrigley Field on Clark Street. Nuccio claimed Ronnie threw a knife (from 60 feet away), and so he shot in self defense. Nuccio had been out to get Ronnie. Kids in the neighborhood knew it. Nuccio had threatened him, beat him, forced him to walk barefoot through the snow, and ran a knife up and down his arm in jail. When pig Nuccio killed Ronnie he laughed, and let him bleed to death.

Kids in Lake View didn't let it go by. They held hearings, forcing Commander Fahey to attend. They kept the pressure on, talking to people in the neighborhood, getting church support, putting out leaflets, and getting some articles in the straight papers. The Police Internal Investigations Division (the phoney IID) whitewashed the incident. The judge saw it differently, because of the pressure, and sentenced Nuccio to 14-15 years on last August 29th. Judge Fitzgerald, despite pressure from the rightwing John Birch-Support-Your-Local-Police-Law-and-Order-addicts, refused appeal bond, and ordered Nuccio to start serving his sentence on March 21st, 1969.

Nuccio remained in the pig pen only four hours. Because the Illinois Supreme Court Justice Walter V. Schaefer then ordered Nuccio freed on $20,000 appeal bond. That's $2,000 cash. Dig it. Ronnie's dead, and pig Nuccio walks free, case under appeal, working for a state highway crew, out on $2,000 probably for as long as it takes for people to forget the case, so it can be cooled in the unjust courts. All this, and Fred Hampton of the heroic Black Panther Party is denied appeal bond on a conviction of taking $71 worth of ice cream and giving it out to poor kids.

We can't forget. We must look at the injustice of *this system, with hard laws for our people, and a whole other set for their people.* We can't forget, because Ronnie was one of us. Nobody goes to Franksville anymore. Our people are moving on up. Brother Ronnie will be avenged.



Ronnie Nelson

Leonard Sengali (left), representing the Black P. Stones, and Norman Swift of the Black Disciples in handshake symbolizing a new truce between the gangs.

The Young Comancheros

The Young Comancheros Organization was organized by young chicanos (Mexicans) of Chicago Heights who saw the need to stop the abuses of the town's police department, the uncle toms and the 'gabachos'. We realized that only through unity could we hope to accomplish our goals.

We realized a need for organization when the gabachos, along with a few uncle toms, tried to close the Center of Opportunity, the only hang-out for young chicanos. In protest for this action we held a sit-in at the Center. This peaceful demonstration was held between the hours of 6:30 and 9:30 when Spanish-speaking students came for English lessons. About 8 o'clock a plain clothesman rushed in and started asking questions of some youth. As is customary in this town, he had not identified himself nor stated his purpose but pictures and the pig's badge number were taken before he was allowed to ask more questions.

About two weeks after the demonstration, six demands were presented to the Community Effort Organization's Board of Directors which governs the Center of Opportunity. Two of the main demands of the Y.C.O. were a)a voice in the C.E.O. Board of Directors and b)the opening of the Center on week-ends for recreational activities of the young chicanos. The Board, which is supposed to represent the community, totally ignored our basic demands.

The Young Comancheros Organization will not stand for any outbreak of the law by the pigs of Chicago Heights. The Y.C.O. will unite, for our power is unity. As a minority or as individuals we stand the chance of being wiped off the face of the earth. We are a people with pride. We are a people with dignity. We are a people with a history and culture and we will survive in spite of them and we will win because of them.

THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR AS THE GANG INTELLIGENCE UNIT COMES MESSING IN OUR AFFAIRS:

They seek out your most vulnerable spots. Remember that! Each gang and organization is different, so not all of these things will apply to you. But you must look out for them.

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1. They seek out people who are your potential enemies. They talk to them and try and find out information they can use against you to get you.
2. They look for people who will make charges that you are extorting money or goods from them.
3. They look for people near you who have committed heavy crimes. Make sure you have good legal defense.
4. They look for people who have severe political disagreements with you.
5. They look for heavy dope users or pushers who can be forced to work for them.
6. They look for street workers from public and private social agencies, especially the Youth Welfare Commission, who think gangs are bad.
7. They look for people involved in differences within and outside your organization. This means we had better be tight, cool.
8. They work on members who are already in their grips, like in Cook County jail, St. Charles, on supervision or probation, or just known by local pigs.
9. They use myths to construct a case, telling people how bad you are, using the press to do this and by going around your neighborhood. As soon as something happens they blame it on you.
10. They set traps for you. So be careful of offers for guns or money.
11. They place responsibility for anything that happens in your neighborhood on you, and they make any member's crime the whole organization's crime.
12. They buy spies and witnesses. They pay kids to join you.
13. They terrorize your members. They pick kids up, rough them up, or act real nice and try to get information, promising favors.
14. They pick off your leaders. So we must have strong organizations and lots of members who know what's going on.

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GANG

For the past month in Chicago we haven't been able to pick up a paper or listen to the T.V. or radio, and get the straight scoop on the gang scene. All this despite a barrage of publicity about the gangs, Black, White and Latin. So what's happening? Let's get into it.

First of all, we have to understand some stuff about ourselves. It's real simple: man is a social animal; we can't make it alone, so we get together in groups. We do this despite attempts to separate us from each other, like they send guys to one school, girls to another, kids from the same neighborhood to different schools; they divide us up with 'specialized jobs' at work, get us to try and out-answer each other in class, get kids to be brown-noses (just where does that phrase come from) and tricks, and on and on. One thing is certain about this society we live in: they don't want people to get together.

But people dig each other! They're always getting together in groups. The need to be together is real. It's human. It's natural. And it's a necessity. So we form 'gangs', clubs and political groups (which the Man calls gangs unless he thinks they're respectable and proper). It's happened throughout the history of mankind. Every neighborhood and school in the city has its groups, its gangs.

Let's repeat it: THEY DON'T WANT US TO GET TOGETHER. Why? Because the people who run the show are threatened by any group that they don't control. So they try and either get the gangs on their side (we'll give you this and that if you don't do this and do that -- or else) or smash us. They don't understand how human beings work. They try and split us up to control us.

OK, so a lot of gangs are violent. This can be good, or it can be bad. Sometimes violence has been misdirected. We've been frustrated and pissed off at the world for good reason. So we strike out. We all know that sometimes this isn't cool, like when guys turn in on each other, or vamp on some wino, or lady with a purse who's carrying home bread to feed her kids. But other times violence is ok. When someone is stepping on your neck you don't say 'hey, please cut it out.' So sometimes we're violent cause we have to be, we have to survive, we have to protect our people, our members, our turf, our neighborhood, and our families, against cops, tricks, businessmen, urban renewal and other gangs who aren't hip to the real enemy so they hit on us.

OK, we all know that something is happening. We're hip that it's a waste of time to keep jamming, vamping and gang bopping just because there ain't nothing else to do. So a lot of the gangs are becoming political groups and people's organizations, talking about serving and protecting the people from the Neanderthals and Bloodsuckers who run the show. Now this is where the Man, like Daley, Conlisk, State's Attorney Hanrahan, Chief Judge Boyle, and the Gang Intelligence Unit (G.I.U.) creep Buckney get uptight. They're really uptight. And they should be, because as our people get hip to who to hit, the man knows he's in trouble unless he can control us and use us.

But we're getting cool; so it's getting hard for them to use us. So now there's a shift, a difference in the way they deal with us. Right now they're trying to put us all down, smash us, White, Black and Latin.

Here's how they do it. Hanrahan, lover of the big crooks, uses his ties to the bullshit newspapers to get them to blast us. They give Hanrahan, Daley, Buckney, Boyle and Conlisk all the press they want. Big deal front pages 'exposing' somebody or some group. Once in awhile they cover the gang's side, like when the P-Stones (Rangers) and Disciples made their alliance public.

But look what happened. Sengali of the Rangers made it real clear that the gangs would take responsibility for their members as far as posssible and that future incidents didn't indicate a breakdown of the alliance. So the next day Hanrahan takes something that happened and gets a big story saying how the alliance is a phoney.

If something did happen it might not have even involved Rangers or Disciples. It might have been some dude trying to prove himself, or someone in a gang who just wasn't hip to the changes, to the new spirit growing among Chicago's gangs.

It's clear that the reason the Neanderthals are waging war on gangs in their papers and on their T.V. and radio stations is because they're making a move to get more cops. Check out this connection. When they decided to raise the fares on the CTA (again), they blamed it on workers wanting more money (the politicians and businessmen get more money off us, and when some of us want more money to survive they take it out of our checks, not their's.) But they also made a big deal in the papers for a week about how many robberies and beatings were happening on the CTA. They of course didn't tell us that that stuff does happen all the time (go ahead, check the statistics.) They tried to brainwash the people, and the next week they raised the fare. TOO MUCH!

BUSTERS

The same thing is true now. A week after Hanrahan starts shooting off his mouth about gangs, blaming anything that happened anywhere on gangs (especially organizations making peace and serving the people like the P stones and Disciples, Young Lords, Latin Eagles Young Patriots and Black Panther Party), Conlisk came out requesting 1000 more cops for next year to deal with the streets. Of course neither he, the papers, Daley, Buckney, Boyle or Hanrahan said anything about how they were politically threatened and scared, 'cause they couldn't control the gangs anymore.

Hanrahan laid the propaganda groundwork, Conlisk made the move, and now we'll see Daley's mangy dogs (the Aldermen) trot along in agreement. Meanwhile big crime, and bloodsucking businessmen go about their dirty business untouched.

The Gang Intelligence Unit

Now the dudes who do the nitty-gritty dirty work (the ones we have to deal with on our turf) are the punks in the GIU. GIU is part of the police dept. and was formed in 1967. It only had a few people. It replaced the Youth Group Intelligence Unit which had been set up to help gang kids, to keep them from fighting each other. That was when the cops and city were trying to use the the gangs, make them like the Conservative Vice Lords. (The Conservative Vice Lords on the west side are now sucks for the Democratic party, and made crook State Senator Bernie Neistein an honorable member.)

Under bootlicker Captain Ed Buckney the policy is one of throwing gang members in jail and keeping 'em there as long as possible (he said it on T.V.) This spring they upped the number of pigs in the GIU from 37 to 200

Quite a jump, and it goes to show they're scared of people in the streets, afraid that White, Black and Latin gang kids will become the people's liberation army that can bring justice back to Chicago and America.

Right now the GIU spends more time with Black and Latin gangs than White. That's because those groups moved sooner and faster than a lot of us Whites. It's obvious that they're tighter, more together, and have a greater spirit of solidarity running among their people because they know they got to be tight to survive. But things are changing in the White gangs. All over the city we're working out alliances with each other, and talking to Black and Latin organizations like the Panthers and the Young Lords. One of the first white groups to make its position clear, in support of the people and against the cops, was the Young Patriots. GIU has stepped up its harassment of our Patriot brothers and is doing likewise with white gangs everywhere in the city.

In the past GIU could be loose with us. Our cats were bought off with stuff like 'we'll let you drink if you keep it cool, if you hassel the Blacks, Latins and hippies.' But a lot of us know that never worked for long. As soon as too many of us were on the corner, blam, blam, unde arrest. Don't let the people get together.

Now we know that there are some White gangs that get special treatment because some of their members became cops. (This is true of some duper gangs in particular). But even a lot of these groups who tricked or people and sold other people out, while doing more bac shit than most other gangs, are catching their lunch. So they had better dig what's going on and stop their bull shit, or catch their lunch from a lot of directions.

ALL POWER TO THE GANGS THAT FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY, LOVE THEIR BROTHERS AND SISTERS, AND SERVE THE PEOPLE!!!

In the article Stone Grease Grapevine on pages 7-8-9, there are some tips for us to look out for as the GIU starts messing in our business, and a lot of examples of changes that gangs are going through. Make sure to check it out.

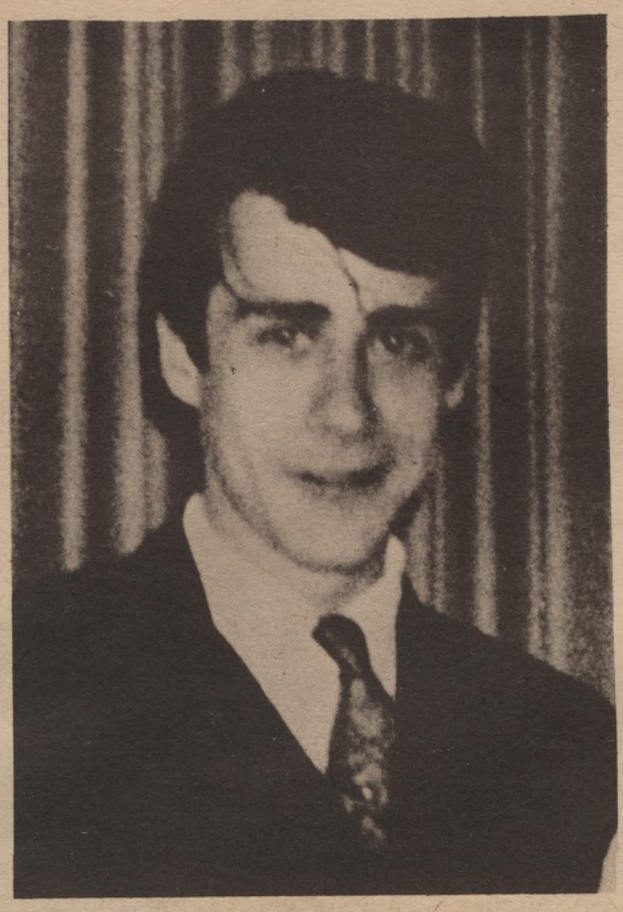
Lake View

It's been over a year since 19th District Patrolman Richard Nuccio killed 17 year old Ronnie Nelson at Franksville (a hot dog stand) across from Wrigley Field on Clark Street. Nuccio claimed Ronnie threw a knife (from 60 feet away), and so he shot in self defense. Nuccio had been out to get Ronnie. Kids in the neighborhood knew it. Nuccio had threatened him, beat him, forced him to walk barefoot through the snow, and ran a knife up and down his arm in jail. When pig Nuccio killed Ronnie he laughed, and let him bleed to death.

Kids in Lake View didn't let it go by. They held hearings, forcing Commander Fahey to attend. They kept the pressure on, talking to people in the neighborhood, getting church support, putting out leaflets, and getting some articles in the straight papers. The Police Internal Investigations Division (the phoney IID) whitewashed the incident. The judge saw it differently, because of the pressure, and sentenced Nuccio to 14-15 years on last August 29th. Judge Fitzgerald, despite pressure from the rightwing John Birch-Support-Your-Local-Police-Law-and-Order-addicts, refused appeal bond, and ordered Nuccio to start serving his sentence on March 21st, 1969.

Nuccio remained in the pig pen only four hours. Because the Illinois Supreme Court Justice Walter V. Schaefer then ordered Nuccio freed on $20,000 appeal bond. That's $2,000 cash. Dig it. Ronnie's dead, and pig Nuccio walks free, case under appeal, working for a state highway crew, out on $2,000 probably for as long as it takes for people to forget the case, so it can be cooled in the unjust courts. All this, and Fred Hampton of the heroic Black Panther Party is denied appeal bond on a conviction of taking $71 worth of ice cream and giving it out to poor kids.

We can't forget. We must look at the injustice of this system, with hard laws for our people, and a whole other set for their people. We can't forget, because Ronnie was one of us. Nobody goes to Franksville anymore. Our people are moving on up. Brother Ronnie will be avenged.



Ronnie Nelson

Leonard Sengali (left), representing the Black P. Stones, and Norman Swift of the Black Disciples in handshake symbolizing a new truce between the gangs.

The Young Comancheros

The Young Comancheros Organization was organized by young chicanos (Mexicans) of Chicago Heights who saw the need to stop the abuses of the town's police department, the uncle toms and the 'gabachos'. We realized that only through unity could we hope to accomplish our goals.

We realized a need for organization when the gabachos, along with a few uncle toms, tried to close the Center of Opportunity, the only hang-out for young chicanos. In protest for this action we held a sit-in at the Center. This peaceful demonstration was held bebetween the hours of 6:30 and 9:30 when Spanish---speaking students came for English lessons. About 8 o'clock a plain clothesman rushed in and started asking questions of some youth. As is customary in this town, he had not identified himself nor stated his purpose but pictures and the pig's badge number were taken before he was allowed to ask more questions.

About two weeks after the demonstration, six demands were presented to the Community Effort Organization's Board of Directors which governs the Center of Opportunity. Two of the main demands of the Y.C.O. were a)a voice in the C.E.O. Board of Directors and b)the opening of the Center on week-ends for recreational activities of the young chicanos. The Board, which is supposed to represent the community, totally ignored our basic demands.

The Young Comancheros Organization will not stand for any outbreak of the law by the pigs of Chicago Heights. The Y.C.O. will unite, for our power is unity. As a minority or as individuals we stand the chance of being wiped off the face of the earth. We are a people with pride. We are a people with dignity. We are a people with a history and culture and we will survive in spite of them and we will win because of them.

THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR AS THE GANG INTELLIGENCE UNIT COMES MESSING IN OUR AFFAIRS:

They seek out your most vulnerable spots. Remember that! Each gang and organization is different, so not all of these things will apply to you. But you must look out for them.

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14. They pick off your leaders. So we must have strong organizations and lots of members who know what's going on.

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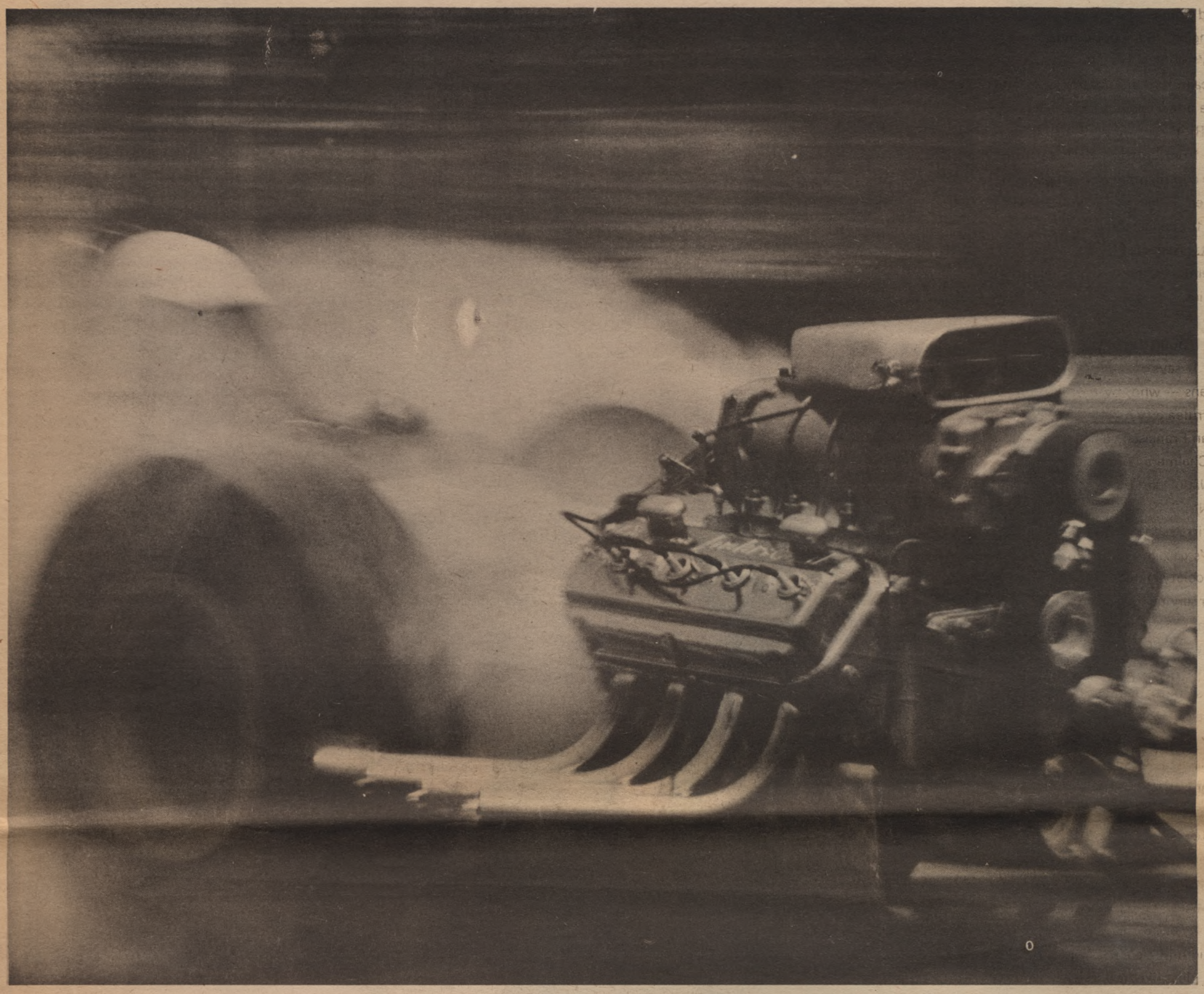


who's makin' the strip a drag?

(The author ran a AA Fuel dragster on the West Coast at the time of the driver's struggle he describes. More recently he was kicked out of Cal State, L.A. for spreading the political word and acting on it.)

The average drag racer is a guy just like you and me - young, and sees becoming a professional racer as his escape from the day to day bullshit jobs which we all have experienced. These are not the rich European grand prix drivers who drive experimental factory cars, but young guys who work hard and save their bread so that they can go racing. A special section of one of the automobile manufacturers plants isn't set aside to build their cars, nor do they have factory engineers to teach them what they need to know. They are guys who usually build their cars in their garages, and gain their knowledge of cars from their day to day experiences, that is learning from blown engines and torn up rear ends.

Drag racing is an expensive sport and the average racer spends plenty of dough so that he may be able to race. To build a dragster costs about $10,000, and the expense of running the car usually averages out to about $100 a run. Let's take a look at the average race day. With the existing rules (established by the National Hot Rod Association, which also establishes how much is paid to the racers and who represents the interest of the strip owners) it is usually the eight fastest cars which can race for the purse of $750. Therefore the racer is already in competition to qualify to race if over eight cars show up. Therefore he usually has to make at least two runs to qualify, and if he fails to qualify he is out the $200 that it cost him to try to qualify. If he does qualify he gets paid according to the amount of races that he wins, usually $50 a race, with $750 to the winner and $500 to the runner-up. So, for the average guy to be able to race he has to be able to at least win the runner up or else he is losing bread.

But what about the man who owns the drag strip. His total investment is providing a strip of asphalt to race on, bleachers for the spectators, and the prize money. He charges us $3 to watch the races, another buck to go into the pit area to look at the cars and talk to the drivers, plus he makes money off the food we eat. Now we have the guy who provides the action, the driver, who risks his life and spends his bread to race, while some operator is making a whole lot of bread just by providing a ¼ mile strip of asphalt and a small amount of prize money.

Not long ago, the racers saw that they were getting screwed while the strip owner was making money. Their only means of being able to combat the strip owner was by creating an organization of racers, which had some power of making a needed change, so they formed the United Drag Racers Association. Other racers who also saw a need for change joined the organization and it grew to national strength. As a result of UDRA, the racers decided to boycott the drag strips until their demands were met. UDRA's solution to the problem was: 1) everyone that showed up at the dragstrip was guaranteed at least $100 for every run he made, 2) that the racers be given a percentage of the money made by the strip owner (plus prize money), 3) strip owners pay for all damaged parts, such as broken motors and, 4) that the amount of money the strip owner pays for injuries to the drivers be increased to caver the total cost of injuries.

The boycott lasted for only three weeks and then failed. The strip owners were able to trick some of the drivers to give up the boycott, by making them believe that the boycott meant less competition and more of a chance to make bread. This points out the need for the racers to be together more and to educate each other so that they won't be able to be tricked into giving up an important struggle. The UDRA also failed to bring their grievances to the spectators and get the spectators on their side. For if people refused to pay admission to the drags the strip owner would be put into the position of either meeting the demands of the racers or closing his strip, thus losing his source of income.

Despite the fact that UDRA lost the struggle, they learned a great deal, just as racers learn a lot from blown motors, and in the future the struggle between UDRA and the strip owners will once again appear, and what was learned from the past struggle will be applied, with those who are getting screwed so that someone can make bread, taking complete control.

There's a whole new thing coming down at the movies. Used to be that cop movies were pretty straight. The bad guys did bad things and the good guys (the cops) did good things and caught the bad guys. But things are changing. Somebody must have found out that all cops aren't good. It's like when the Walker Report on the Chicago convention came out. The report said that there were a few bad cops who made up what was called a 'Police Riot' - but that it was nothing more than that. No orders from up top. Nothing from Mayor Daley. No talk of a cop mentality --- of cops who see themselves as lawmakers, judges, and juries all balled up into one; who think that the badge, the club, and the MACE make him always right. Reports like that never ask those questions. They never doubt the system. It's the same with the latest cop movies.

'Bullitt' is a good example. This movie goes pretty far. It says that the police can be influenced by the politicians --- who, by definition, represent the rich people who rule a city in their own interests. In 'Bullitt' the city is San Francisco. The politician in the film --- called Walter Chalmers (who is really Robert Vaughn who used to be Napolean Solo from U.N.C.L.E.) --- lives in a mansion on Nob Hill --- the richest part of San Francisco. When we first see Chalmers he is having a party for some woman's garden club or something. All we can see is rich old society ladies in fur coats and maids pouring tea from silver serving trays. Right off we don't like the politician. But not because he's a fat, piggy Daley guy who talks out of the side of his mouth. He's not. He's more like Bobby Kennedy and John Lindsay, the mayor of New York. He's smooth, he looks like a movie star, and he's involved in the types of political reform programs that remind you of the Kennedys and the Lindsays. Chalmers --- in the movie --- is trying to wipe out organized crime --- 'The Organization.' Bobby tried that too. Then why don't we like Chalmers? The reason is because Lt. Frank Bullitt --- a detective on the S.F. police force --- (the star, Steve McQueen) doesn't like him. And we like Bullitt. It's right at the beginning of the film and we don't know too much about Bullitt, but we don't have to. Man, it's McQueen. He's together. He's a tough mother. And he's cool. So we dig him. We know he's going to be the hero in this film. Just like he was when he was 'The Bounty Hunter' with the sawed-off on TV, or when he rode his machine over half the Nazi army in 'The Great Escape,' or when he makes it with Faye Dunaway in 'The Thomas Crown Affair.' (The same thing happens in other new cop movies --- with Frank Sinatra in 'The Detective' and Clint Eastwood in 'Coogan's Bluff' --- we tend to dig the heroes no matter what they do because of what they were in other flicks.)

Just because Bullitt doesn't dig him, we also know that Robert Vaughn, the liberal politico is going to be the villain. Dig it. The liberal Bobby Kennedy image, the hero and savior of Western Civilization, is going to be the bad guy. These battle lines between Bullitt and Chalmers are drawn quickly. The guy that Bullitt is guarding (a Mafia fink) gets wiped out. Chalmers --- in trying to put down Bullitt --- uses such words as 'negligence,' 'incompetence,' and public crucifixion,' finally condescending to 'in your parlance --- you blew it.' Bullitt says: 'You work your side of the street, and I'll work mine.' From that time on every time Bullitt and Chalmers meet --- Bullitt comes out on top. And the audience digs it. Chalmers is a prick -- and you, me, and Bullitt know it.

At the end of the movie, the last time they meet -- Bullitt sews it up. All through the film, it has been made clear that Chalmers is working only for his own gain. The police go along with him because, as Capt. Baker (Chalmers' suck on the force) puts it: 'A man like Chalmers could be a great help to the department.' (Bullitt gets a laugh earlier in the film by hanging up on the dude.) Chalmers explains to Bullitt that we should sell the public an image: 'We must all compromise, Frank.' Bullitt's comment brings down the house. He says --- like only McQueen can --- 'BULLSHIT. Get the hell out of here, Chalmers.' Bullitt is now free to get his man, which is all he wanted to do in the first place. He chases the hood around the San Francisco airport and guns him down in a crowded lobby.

Chalmers rides off from the airport in a big, black limosine with a bumper sticker: 'Support Your Local Police.' Inside, Chalmers reads the Wall Street Journal. Rich son-of-a-bitch, we think. Crummy rich bastard, we think.

Bullitt -- his job done -- goes home depressed, hangs his gun on the bannister, washes his face, and goes back to bed with his girl friend. Nice goin' Frank, we think.

But do we? It's what the guys who made the movie want you to think. The movie is just like the liberal reformer, just like the Walker Report. Sure, it says some politicians are bad (even liberal ones.) Sure, the police are politically controlled; but as long as guys like Steve McQueen (or Frank Sinatra or Clint Eastwood) are around --- everything's gonna be alright.

The question we've got to ask is: If Bullitt's so goddamned good, why the hell is he a pig? Sure we sort of dig him. He drives his Mustang fast. He wears turtlenecks. His walls wear psychedelic posters. His chick lives in. And he fights the established authority. We dig that. And we're supposed to. Why not? The people who own and run this country make their money from selling Mustangs, turtlenecks, posters and chicks. The argument comes in the way Bullitt moves against established authority. He does it his way. He 'works his side of the street.' But he's still a cop – and while it may be his side of the street, it's still the same damn one-way street all the pig cars in the country drive down. Bullitt isn't about to turn back up that street either. Bullitt's chick says: 'Do you let anything reach you? You're living in a sewer.' Bullitt says: 'You can't walk away from it.' Damn straight he can't: 'Cause he's pig all the way. A new kind of bacon, maybe, but still a pig.

BULLITT

all movies about pigs aren't made by Walt Disney

The trouble is that in this movie (like in all cop movies) Bullitt is dealing with something that seems so evil (a gang-style rip-off of a Mafia fink and a cop) that the audience has to see Bullitt as a force of good against evil.

But what if Bullitt was a narc. Or part of the Gang Intelligence Unit? Or even a patrolman clearing off a corner and checking for curfew violations? That dude would put you up against the wall quicker than you could yell 'pig.'

That's why movies about these Lone Ranger cops – wearing clothes of an outlaw (a pig uniform) but doing good deeds (protecting law-and-order) – are bullshit. The good deeds these outlaws do don't do us any good. Until they do – all cops are the enemy, even Steve McQueen, Frank Sinatra, and Clint Eastwood. Dig it.

Young Lords

Puerto Rico is like a lot of other places in this world; it is a colony owned and controlled by U.S. business interests. From the island of Puerto Rico the Neanderthal takes the things he needs, like the things people of the island grow and make. The Man also takes Puerto Rico's people to work in factories here, and to fight in the Man's army that protects what he takes from other colonies throughout the world. Puerto Ricans, like all poor and working people in this country, are called citizens only when the Man is trying to keep them in line, or when they die fighting in the bullshit war.

The Young Lords Organization understands this. They are the first street gang in the city of Chicago to quit gang-bopping and start serving the people. Like a lot of other gangs, the Young Lords came into being for their own protection. Seven guys started the club in 1959. At that time they were having a lot of hassles with other guys in the Lincoln Park area. So they pulled themselves together for their own protection. The club grew large and powerful quickly, forming branches in surrounding areas and high schools.

The YLO was originally all Puerto Rican. But since the change over from gang to political organization, from gang-boppers to servers and protectors of the people, the composition of the organization has changed. YLO includes Puerto Rican guys and girls, as well as blacks, whites, and other Latins in the area.

HOW DID THE CHANGE HAPPEN?

In January 1968 Cha Cha Jimenez reorganized the Young Lords and incorporated the Lordettes into the YLO. The purposes of the group shifted, reflecting the the shit that was coming down in the country as a whole, the growth of political awareness and the movement in minority and poor communities, and the lessons that members had been learning for years from pigs and prisons. The group turned into a people thing, a unity thing, and started to improve their community. They held picnics, gave soul dances, and gave food baskets and toys to needy families. But YLO members began to realize that too often they were acting like social workers, just bandaging the wounds of society instead of getting at the root causes, the underlying malignancy.

Members began to meet with all Latin organizations and organizers in the city. They talked with White radical organizations and with the Black Panther Party. Some members attended an International Conference in Canada, a Chicano (young militant Mexicans) Youth Conference in Denver, and held a Third World Unity Conference here in Chicago along with BAD (Black Active and Determined), a political organization in the Cabrini housing projects on the near north side, and the Black Panther Party. At a later meeting of these three organizations a White organization from Uptown, the Young Patriots, joined in and the Rainbow Coalition came into being.

In December the YLO found that three realty companies in the area (Bissell, Crown and Romano) were trying to buy up property, control rentals, in order to move all Puerto Ricans out of the community. One of the real estate guys known as Fat Larry started waving a gun and threatening Puerto Rican tenants and store owners. He was mad because the people were busting real estate companies' windows and messing up the furnaces in buildings with bad owners. A delegation of YLO's and the Concerned Citizens' Survival Front went to talk with Fat Larry. Larry pulled a .38, called the cops, and held the gun on Cha Cha while the pigs searched him. The Young Lords put out a leaflet the next day educating the people about what the Neanderthal real estate pigs were up to. The campaign against the building owners and real estate companies won YLO a lot of support in the community.

TAKING ON THE PEOPLE REMOVERS:

In January the rich peoples' Community Conservation Council (CCC) met. It deals with 'urban renewal', more accurately called people removal. A lot of people from the community attended the meeting along with the YLO. The people removers of the CCC were uptight, real people were there, taking part in community affairs. So they said there's no quorum, not enough 'official members', and called the meeting off. The community people tore up the meeting. After that, they put a lot of pressure on the CCC, which was forced to not meet again until the CCC had a majority of people from the community, including Latins, Blacks, and Working Whites.

FUNERAL MARCH FOR MANUEL RAMOS

The day after the YLO and the community took on the CCC, Cha Cha was picked up by cops who said, 'we just want to talk to you, to open up lines of communication.' Cha Cha didn't bite, and was then busted on two warrants from 1967 that had already been cleared up! Bond was $2500. A clear case of harrassment on the part of the pigs.

THE COMMUNITY SCHOOL PLANNING MEETING AND BRASCH'S THREAT

That very same night there was a Community School Planning Committee meeting, and Cha Cha was elected vice-president. In the crowd were 14 plainclothes cops, who were pointed out. Outside, there were 12 squad cars. A minister, Bruce Johnson, went to see commander Brasch of the 18th District. Brasch said he would have police at whatever meeting YLO attended, and that he was going to put Cha Cha in the pen for good.

On January 30, Cha Cha was busted on assault and battery ($5,000 bond) and mob action ($5,000 bond).

ON TO THE POLICE COMMUNITY WORKSHOP

Two weeks later the YLO and the community showed up at the so-called Police Community Relations Workshop with 300. Cops went berserk. The YLO had signs all over the Chicago Ave. Pig Station wall, saying 'We will not tolerate Pig abuse.' 'Pigs need sport centers to keep them off the streets and end violence', and 'YLO Serves and Protects -- Hands off Cha Cha'. The cops tried to cool the crowd with an Uncle Tom Puerto Rican (called a 'Tio Taco' in Spanish). It didn't work. The crowd demanded that Brasch answer questions. The people wiped Brasch up with their questions about stop and frisk, cops defending landlords, harassment, and the murder of a 15 year old black kid by the pigs. People came out of the meeting with a good feeling and the word started to spread through out Lincoln Park that YLO was moving up, serving the people.

THE DEATH OF BROTHER MANUEL RAMOS.

On May 4th there was a YLO party for Orlando Davila, one of the original Young Lords. A group of people were outside in front of the building where the party was. An off-duty cop, James Lamb, 35th District (Bridgeport--Daley's home) came across the street with a gun. He shot Manuel Ramos through the eye, and Rafael Rivera through the neck. Manuel died at the hospital. He left a wife and 2 kids. Lamb claimed he'd been threatened with a gun. The gun was never found, but Lamb was acquited at the coroner's jury; they called it 'justifiable homocide.'

YLO, the Panthers, the Patriots, SDS and other peoples' organizations held a march. 2000 people joined in by the time the march got to the funeral home. Then the crowd went to the pig-pen at 35th and Lowe where a number of local kids agreed that the 35th district pigs were pigs.

Several days later a march of several thousand went to the 18th District on Chicago Avenue, where scum States Attorney Hanrahan, the maker of war on gangs, was supposed to be. He never showed up. The next day, several thousand people attended Manuel's funeral.

TAKING ON THE BIG MAN'S CHURCH:

The YLO's actions and the death of Manuel has brought them wide support and publicity. Membership has increased greatly, because the YLO's have proven that they're working for the people against the oppressors. Almost immediatly following Manuel's death, they seized a building at McCormick Theological Seminary in Lincoln Park, an institution that trains people to be preachers. McCormick doesn't seem to be interested in serving the people that already live in the area, but in making Lincoln Park a fancier place to live, by pushing out Latins, Blacks and working Whites. So YLO, along with other peoples' organizations in support, seized a building, renaming it Manuel Ramos Memorial building. They held it until the big preachers agreed to put over 500,000 dollars into housing for poor and working people.

TAKING ON THE CHURCH, NO., 2

The ministers at a church near by, on Armitage and Dayton, have let the Young Lords use the church for meetings. YLO learned that the congregation of the church (40 people, who don't live in the neighborhood) wanted to sell or rent the church, but not to YLO. YLO wanted it for a day care center, where mothers who work could leave their little kids, and for a cultural center where people from the community could learn the history of Latin people, black people, and working white people the way it really happened, not the way it's told in so-called 'history classes' in school.

YLO and supporting organizations seized the church which was hardly ever used by anybody but them anyway. They were threatened with arrest, said they would leave, but warned that if that happened, the people who came in from outside the neighborhood once in a while to 'pray' and 'ease their consciences' weren't going to be able to use it either. A settlement was worked out, and now YLO uses the church until the church people find them other adequate office space, and YLO and others in the community have fixed it up for the day care center that will open there soon.

WHERE TO NOW?

YLO is moving fast. New people are coming in, and other gangs are following their example and becoming people's organizations. Someone can become a member of YLO and still belong to his neighborhood gang. To join means going through political education sessions, karate sessions, and being committed to the revolutionary struggle for freedom and justice.

Cha Cha has said 'we're not so politically educated from books or anything, but we're educated from the streets, from being Puerto Ricans, from being different shades of skin. The Young Lords are going to try and get a little more ideology. And we want to start a medical center. We're going to spread the word everywhere, to everybody. We're fighting for freedom together -- there's no other way to fight for it. Because we're about a PEOPLE THING.'

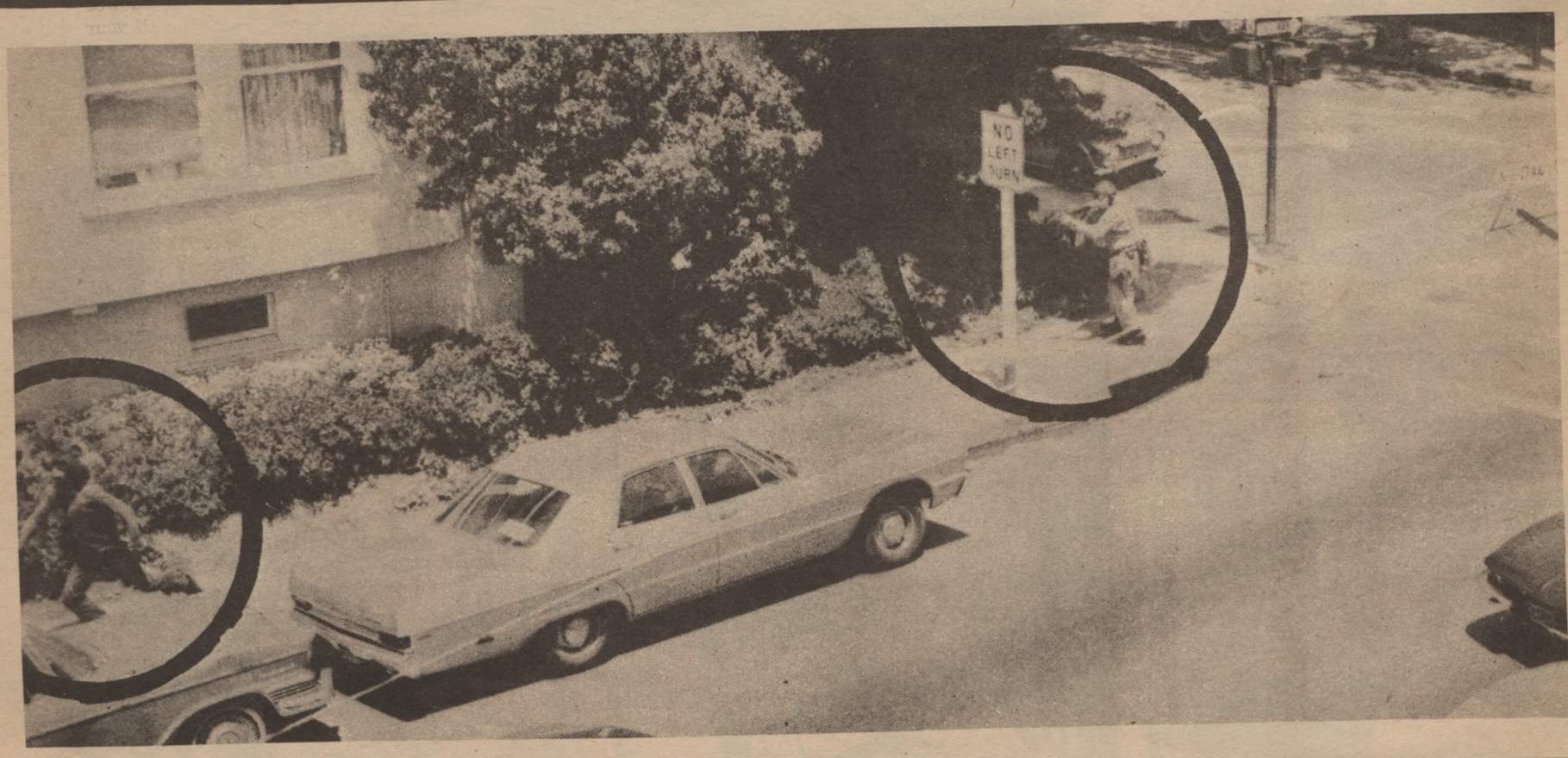
A Battle for Turf

Feliciano, pictured above, was one of the 5,000 National Guardsmen sent into Berkeley, California, during the Battle of People's Park. He played the pig game for 6 days, then he'd had enough. He threw down his helmet and rifle and refused to be used against the people any more. In turn, he was arrested and taken away. A lot of the guys in the Guard didn't dig what was happening. They started seeing that they were only puppets being used to keep people down -- and they got tired of pushing around their own brothers and sisters.

Early in May about 1,000 people in Berkeley 'liberated' a muddy vacant lot and built it into the People's Park. The University of California supposedly owned the land but it hadn't been used for over a year. The kids planted grass, trees, flowers, and set up playground equipment. On Thursday, May 15, the University, under orders by Gov. Reagan, brought in pigs, National Guardsmen, bulldozers, tear gas, pepper gas, and guns to take the park back (they said they needed the land for a parking lot). Not only did they destroy the park but 70 people were wounded with buckshot and 30 people were shot with bullets. One brother died from gun shot wounds a few days later. The National Guard occupied Berkeley for a week -- they controlled the city with bayonets and martial law. It was clear that the people of Berkeley were considered a serious threat to 'Law and Order' and the power of fat cats like Reagan and his friends -- the kind of people who use the law to get fatter.

The park was built so people could have space -- a place to go and relax -- the park was in the interest of the people, not Reagan. But Reagan had the power -- and he was able to use his pigs to shut down People's Park.

We lost the battle this time because we weren't equipped. But everytime this happens we learn that we have to get together -- organize and be ready to fight for what's ours. That's the only way we -- the people -- will win.



The pigs that fought the people at Peoples' Park claim they only shot in self defense. This photo from the San Francisco Chronicle shows how they lie!

the 800 ft. hook shot

Dig these two scenes:

'Hey man - play you one-on-one for a dollar. Loser's out.'

'Alright, you clowns, no talking. This is a three lane drill, everybody else shoot free throws at the side baskets. All you guys in street shoes take ten laps.'

They say alot about America. And about sports in America. For the ordinary guys who live in cities, sports are a big thing. There's not much else to do. But we get our sports two different ways. One is our own way - in our playgrounds, our empty lots, our alleys, our streets and our parks! The other is the Man's way - in his gyms his fieldhouses, his stadiums. On the playgrounds we run our own show - and playing ball is fun. We make and break the rules, think up the games, and find out who can make it and who can't. That's what that first scene is all about - running our own lives.

But the people who run America do another thing with sports. They take away our right we have to create our own thing. Think about playing H-O-R-S-E in the alley behind where your friend lives or in the neighborhood grammar school playground. All those wierd shots. The Bounce Shot where you slam the ball into the cement with enough top spin to get it somewhere near the hoop. The Off-The-Telephone-Wire Shot. The dangerous Between-The-Legs Shot. The 800 foot Hook Shot from across the street. The Drop-Kick Shot. And the famous Roof Shot where you drop the ball in from above cause you're standing on top of the garage. Try one of those beauties in a gym. The coach or gym teacher or game supervisor or some dude with the so-called authority would have you off that court in three seconds. See, the Man has a rule book and he follows those rules very well. He wrote all of them. That's where he gets us, Cause you gotta admit that it's cool to play with a new ball, and on a new wood floor (as bad as floor burns are - they're better than those monster cinder, glass, rusty nail pants-ripping jobs you pick up playing near the ash pit in the grammar school playground) and you don't have to worry about the wind messing up your shots. But there's a catch, a trick - because the Man owns the gym. All of a sudden he's got rules, practice drills, and he decides who sits, and somehow playing ball ain't much fun anymore.

The coaches, the gym teachers, the game directors- they're all about the same thing: Crushing the tremendous energy that comes out of a half-court two-on-two basketball game, or a cho ose-up 16 inch softball game (pitcher's hands out, supply your own catcher, losers pay for the ball), or a two-hands-below-the-waist touch football game that turns into tackle on the first play. That's right. They're out to crush that real, pure, clean, fierce energy. They make you wear dumb-looking shorts that they make you buy at the local school supply gyp joint.

They take away points if you don't look right or if you smile funny. It's the Army. Everybody standing at attention - in line, according to height - wearing the same uniform. A drill-sergeant coach yelling orders and rapping you with a stick if you talk or laugh or chew gum. (Chew gum? Man, don't let a coach dude catch you chewing gum. He'll march you out in front of everybody, say something he thinks is funny about your hair and make you get on your knees to scrape up all those hard black blotches of old gum on his expensive-looking floor.) Just like the army. Just like a job. Just like Life. They take our energy away from us and use it for themselves. Not just energy to scrape their floors. But energy to produce the products they sell to get rich on. Energy to become their cops to serve and protect them and their property. Energy to fight their wars. Yeah, all of a sudden playing ball ain't fun any more.

So we've got to get our game together and decide what we want our lives to be like. We have got to ask some questions. (How come the rich neighborhoods get all of the good sports facilities and we get cracked asphalt playgrounds)? How come when there is a gym or field in a park in our neighborhood, it comes with all kinds of bullshit rules about clothes and hours and shoes and teams and leagues and cop coaches? How come greaser guys have to trade in a whole way of life just to play with a new ball and maybe win a cheap plastic trophy - a trophy that means you play good, real good according to the Man's rule book.

The time has come for us to start taking control of that energy in our own lives in sports, in school, at work, everywhere. The thing to do is to make it so that the energy of the playgrounds and the alleys takes over the gym. Then playing ball becomes fun, rather than something we do for someone else. The Man has no interest in us except in how he can take advantage of our ability and our energy. The playgrounds, the parks, the streets and the alleys belong to us. We live here. We play here. We should decide what's gonna go down here.

We will.

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We welcome articles, ideas, photos, drawings, cartoons, office equipment, supporters, and all brothers and sisters who want to help in anyway. Contact us if you want to get together. Subscriptions to RISING UP ANGRY are $3 a year. Individual copies are 25 cents. Our address is RISING UP ANGRY, Box 3746 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois. 60654. Phones are 312 472-7090 or 929-0133. Leave a message. We'll get back to you quick!

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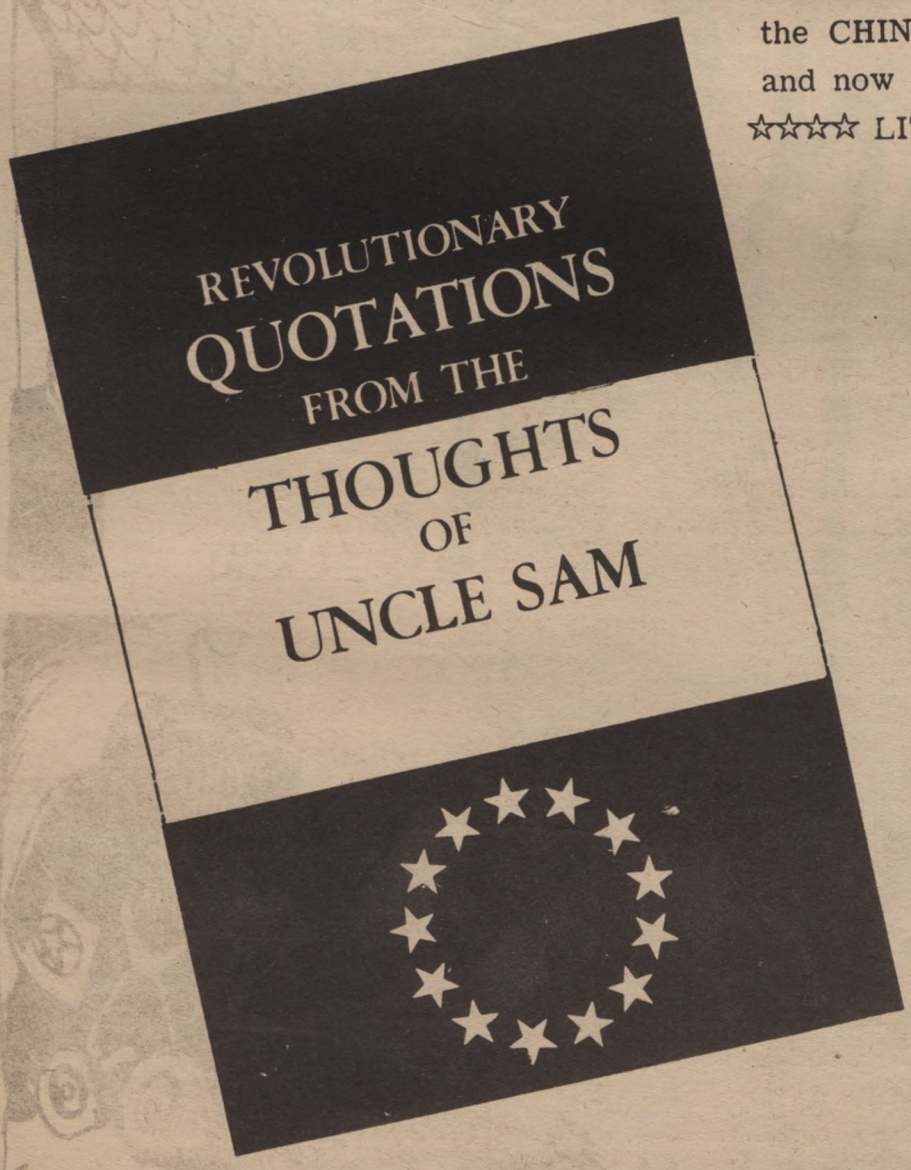

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6. Women's Liberation
7. Students and Schools
8. The Press
9. On Voting
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